there was no indian that could ever make him run. While the two were busy with their digging, Galford and Warwick slipped up to the fence and fired simultaneously, hitting the ground close to Higgins and scattering the dust all over him. He and Ingram ran with all speed to the stockade and reported that Indians had fired on them. The panic was soon relieved however, when hilarious laughter instead of war whoops were heard in the direction of the potato patch.

JOHN R. FLEMMENS.

One of the most unique and picturesque characters that figure in our local history was John R. Flemmens, of Laurel Creek. Early in the century residents of the head of Stony Creek saw smoke rising from Red Lick Mountain. At first it was thought to be a hunter's camp. Upon noticing the smoke continuing for some days, curiosity was awakened, and parties went up into the Red Lick wilderness to see what it meant. To their surprise they found a family in camp, arranging for a permanent settlement.

There were five persons, John R. Flemmens and Elizabeth Flemmens, his wife; James and Frederick were the sons, and one daughter, Elizabeth. There were nice horses and several cows ranging about. The family had been there for several weeks, yet no one ever found out when or whence they had come. Had these persons arrived in a balloon from the clouds at midnight, their coming could not have been better

concealed than it seemed to have been from the neighbors.

The Flemmens opened what is now the "Rosser Place." But few persons were ever known to labor more industriously than the mother and her three children. Mr Flemmens bought lands from Isaac Gregory amounting to four thousand acres. It was a part of the William Lewis Lovely survey. The papers dated 1777, and this region was then in the metes and bounds of Harrison County. Such a deal in lands sounds fabulous now, or did until the recent operations of Colonel McGraw and others have rather eclipsed the Flemmens' deals on that line. John R. Flemmens at times seemed pressingly anxious to sell large tracts at ten cents an acre. Lands now held by Colonel McGraw, the Whites, Shearers, and others.

On his possessions John Flemmens made an opening, built a house, and preparations were made for an immense barn. The barn was never finished. Some of the hewn timber for the barn was more than two feet across the face and smooth as silk. How such work could be so smoothly done was the wonder of all who may have examined it.

The Flemmens family became noted for sugar making. They would work several hundred trees in the season. On the southern exposures an early camp would be worked, then move to another less exposed, and then move into the north and close the season there. The mother and children would carry the sap for miles in pails supported by straps from their shoulders, and much of the sap was carried up hill. In

making arrangements for evaporating the sap, an immense tree would be felled and the kettles supported against it, and then the fires kindled. It was no uncommon thing to see fifteen or twenty large kettles boiling at the same time.

The output would amount to hundreds of pounds. The sugar was generally stirred until it pulverized, and much of it was nearly as fair as brown or coffee sugar.

A good deal of the sugar was taken to Lewisburg and exchanged for more kettles. Mr Flemmens could pack three large iron kettles on one horse. In these excursions to the sugar market, and very frequently at other times, John Flemmens had three horses, driving the foremost, riding the middle one, and leading the third—all arranged randem fashion. In this manner he could traverse the bridle paths,—at an early day the common means of communication between places.

The entire family became members of the church.

James Flemmens was fond of hunting, but he met with so little success that his father warned him that if he came home any more without venison, he should not be allowed to waste any more time as he had been doing.

"Worrich pays better than no luck, Jim, in huntin', and so you know what will be up if you don't git nothin' this time."

This was spoken in stentorian tones with a commanding voice, and it seems to have rung in Jimmy's ears to a practical purpose.

That day he had the luck to bring home a venison.

The same day the late venerable John Barlow killed

a deer, but he did not bring it home—left it hanging in the woods, hunter fashion—and it mysteriously disappeared. Suspicious gossip ran high, which the Flemmens meekly endured until they began to think that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and a church trial was demanded to vindicate Jimmy's character from the slanderous insinuations in connexion with the disappearance of the dear.

The preliminaries for trial being duly arranged by the Presiding Elder at Hamlin Chapel, the slandered hunter put in his pleas, with flowing tears and tremulous voice, when the Elder asked the question:

"Brother James Flemmens, did you or did you not take Brother Barlow's deer?"

"I hope not. God knows I hope God does not know I took the deer, as I am slandered with."

Mr Barlow exclaimed; "God does n't know any such thing."

The strife of tongues now promised to become sharp, but the imperious Presiding Elder made it short and decisive by a wave of the hand and a significant look toward the door. Somehow, as the Flemmens thought unjustly, the Elder construed James' plea as a virtual confession that he had spirited away the missing game. He solemnly deposed him from church membership, and thus cleared all others of slanderous intentions.

Soon as the decision was announced, John Flemmens arose an asked for a dismissal: "Give me my name, and give me old Betsy's, too!" Young Betsy tearfully asked for her name also. They all soon found a church home elsewhere.

In the course of events Frederick was the first to die and that too far away from his mountain home under sadly peculiar circumstances. John R. Flemmens called at John Barlow's to pass the night. Mr Barlow had heard of Frederick's death, but did not wish any one to say any thing about it before morning. But one of the boys came in before his father could repress him and said: "Mr Flemmens, do you know that Fred is dead?"

"Is it possible, Mr Barlow, have you heard that my boy is dead?"

"Yes," replied Mr Barlow, "I am sorry to say it is even so."

In an instant the bereaved father seemed to be frenzied by his grief. He caught up his three horses and started for home in the night. As he slowly ascended the mountain path his agonized cries could be heard for miles: "O Freddy, my dear son; your poor old father will never see you again. O Freddy, my son, my son!"

While on a visit to Ohio, Mr Flemmens died there.

Mrs Flemmens and her daughter Elizabeth spent their last years in the vicinity of Buckeye. They spun and wove ond industriously earned a living as long as their willing hands coald retain their cunning, and had the respectful esteem of all their neighbors.

AARON MOORE.

Aaron Moore, one of the older sons of Moses Moore the pioneer, hunter, and scout, after his marriage with